

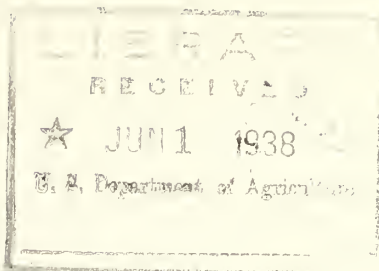
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4/20/38

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR  
(Land Grant College Series)



Presented by

Michigan State College

12:30 to 1:30 p.m., E. S. T.  
April 20, 1938  
at East Lansing, Michigan

Presented for the Association of Land-Grant Colleges and Universities in cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture and broadcast by the National Broadcasting Company over the blue network of ninety-three affiliated stations.

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE  
EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN

## THE COMMITTEE

Robert J. Coleman, Director of WKAR, Chairman

E.L. Anthony, Dean of Agriculture

R.J. Baldwin, Director of Agricultural Extension

V.R. Gardner, Director of Agricultural Experiment Station

Donald Hayworth, Head of Department of Speech and Dramatics

Lewis L. Richards, Head of Department of Music

\* \* \* \* \*

Robert J. Coleman - - - - - In Charge of Broadcast

Donald Hayworth - - - - - Wrote and Directed the Script

Lewis L. Richards - - - - - Directed the Music

Fred Patton - - - - - Director of M.S.C. Glee Club

Leonard Falcone - - - - - Director of M.S.C. Band

Julius Stulberg - - - - - Director of String Trio

Mabel Miles - - - - - Director of Children's Group

Don Morrison - - - - - Arrangement of Music

\* \* \* \* \*

N.B.C. Announcer - - - - - Everett Mitchell

Announcer - - - - - William Gladden

Quarterback - - - - - Nolan Allen

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# THE CAST

## A. The Why of a Land Grant College.

Partridge - J.E.Towne \*  
 Secretary - E.P.Lawrence \*  
 Marshall - O.L.Snow \*  
 Bartlett - Larry Hamilton  
 Holmes - D.O.Buell \*  
 Chairman - C.M.Harrison \*  
 Williams - C.L.Allen \*

## B. Turnips or Parsnips?

Williams - C.L.Allen \*  
 Oscar - Francis McIntosh  
 Palmer - R.S.Hudson \*  
 Pete - Richard Hardy

## C. A.J.Cook Eats a Poisoned Apple.

Chairman - Ralph Norman \*  
 Abbott - A.Orbeck \*  
 Arnold - R.M.Limpus \*  
 Cook - E.P.Lawrence \*  
 Butler - H.M.Byram \*

## D. Rosen Rye

Rosen - John Rischman  
 Spragg - W.F.Morofsky \*  
 Jackson - Clifford Jenks  
 Johnson - C.M.Harrison \*  
 Inspector - D.O.Buell \*  
 Cox - A.B.Love \*  
 Hutzler - Richard Hardy  
 George - Nolan Allen

## E. College Graduate Lassoes a Bug (Undulant Fever)

Secretary - Maxine Peterman  
 Giltner - Ward Giltner \*  
 Huddleson - Edmund Rudoni  
 Frenchman - R.T.Ohl \*  
 Student - John Torbet  
 Professor - J.E.Towne \*  
 Dairyman - R.S.Hudson \*  
 Doctor - R.P.Adams \*  
 Physician - O.L.Snow \*  
 Patterson - Clifford Jenks

\* Denotes a Faculty Member.

## F. The Hundred Million Dollar Professor (Alfalfa)

Joe - W.F.Thompson \*  
 Oly - A.Orbeck \*  
 Professor - H.M.Byram \*  
 Harper - C.H.Nickle \*  
 Bolton - C.M.Harrison \*  
 Gardner - E.P.Lawrence \*

## G. Agricultural Science Takes Wings

Homer - Jack Osgood  
 Father - W.F.Thompson \*  
 Mother - Jane Tremaine  
 Radio Voice - G.A.Brown \*

## H. There's Music In Michigan

Kackley - Shirley Cook  
 Flanders - Maxine Rouse  
 Foster - Helen Horning  
 Bond - Jessie Levin  
 Emery - Doris McMehen  
 Hardy - Maxine Peterman

## I. New Times and New Professions

Ritter - Robert Ritter  
 Tom - Larry Hamilton  
 Lloyd - John Torbet  
 Sandy - D.O.Buell \*

## J. Home Demonstration

Mother - Mrs. Myra Bogue \*  
 Grover - June Laing  
 Ella - Doris McMehen

## K. Farmer's Week

Karl - Francis McIntosh  
 Charley - W.F.Thompson \*  
 Mary - Jessie Levin  
 John - Larry Hamilton  
 Mrs. Peters - June Laing  
 Mr. Peters - O.L.Snow \*  
 McDonald - Ralph Norman \*  
 Packer - R.M.Limpus \*  
 Moulton - J.E.Towne \*  
 Policeman - A.B.Love \*  
 Lester - W.F.Morofsky \*  
 Tenney - Ralph Tenney\*  
 Chairman - C.H.Nickle

A. MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE BROADCAST

NBC ANNOUNCER: The National Farm and Home Hour! ---coming today from the campus of Michigan State College, at East Lansing!

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE BAND---Fight Song (This is played through once, and then fades to background, coming up and finishing in a climax just before the whistle.)

NBC ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College, as an educational institution, carries the ball with the same dash and drive that her football team shows on the gridiron. Today, instead of the football team, more than one thousand teachers, assistants and research workers, that man the staff of Michigan State College, are going to play the game. (WHISTLE) There goes the whistle! The game is on! A long, low kick and now it's Michigan State's ball.

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, eight, five, five!

COLLEGE ANNOUNCER: One, eight, five, five! Eighteen fifty-five! That means the J. C. Holmes is going to carry the ball! (APPLAUSE)

PARTRIDGE: Well, Holmes, I think the opposition's about licked.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. Secretary, will you again read the title of the bill before the legislature.

SECRETARY: "An Act for the Establishment of the State Agricultural School."

CHAIRMAN: Is there any further discussion?

MARSHALL: Mr. Chairman!

CHAIRMAN: Mr. Marshall.

MARSHALL: An agricultural school is as impossible as a lazy racehorse or a dainty ox. "Agriculture" and "schools" don't mix. If a young man goes to school doesn't he leave agriculture? I realize a good many of you men have favored the idea from time to time, but to me it's an inexcusable waste of the state's money. There never has been a school of agriculture and I see no reason for the state of Michigan to start one.

PARTRIDGE: Mr. Chairman!

CHAIRMAN: Mr. Partridge.

PARTRIDGE: It's true that the eastern states have never started a school of agriculture. The east has commerce and shipping. But we're pioneers. Whatever we do has to be built on agriculture. You can ridicule the idea of a school of agriculture, but I believe it's up to the state of Michigan to show the nation a new kind of education---an education that's adapted to our needs. (APPLAUSE) (Calls of "question")



CHAIRMAN: Any further discussion? (Calls of "question") As many as are in favor of enacting this bill into law, please rise. (SHUFFLING) Will you count the vote, Mr. Secretary.

BARTLETT: (Whispering). Well, Holmes, it's going to carry.

HOLMES: I believe it is.

BARTLETT: And you can claim all the credit--the way you lobbied for it.

SECRETARY: Fifty-two votes for the act, sir.

CHAIRMAN: As many as are opposed to enacting this bill into law, please rise. (SHUFFLING)

HOLMES: (Whispering) After ten years of working for it!

BARTLETT: Yes, sir, we finally get it.

HOLMES: But the biggest job's ahead.

SECRETARY: Thirteen votes against the act, sir.

CHAIRMAN: The bill is passed!

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, eight, five, seven!

COLLEGE ANNOUNCER: One, eight, five, seven! Eighteen-fifty seven. Joseph R. Williams, first president of Michigan State College, carries the ball!

WILLIAMS: As we dedicate this, the first college of agriculture in the United States, we may well consider some of the objections to this institution. Men brand it as an experiment, and that's true, but unfortunately they demand results before giving aid or sympathy. Our answer must be, not in words or arguments, but in our actual accomplishments for agriculture. Men ask, "How can you teach a man to hoe his corn or feed his sheep?" I contend that even in the mere application of labor, there is much to be learned. (APPLAUSE) But in a larger sense the farmer has more to learn about his business than any other man in the world. How about that strange disease that's sweeping the hogs of this country--a disease so deadly that it's often spoken of as the Hog Cholera. We don't know what causes it---whether some mistake of feeding or some strange contagion. Have the hog growers to learn nothing about that disease? I say it's the business of this college to find out! (APPLAUSE) In establishing this institution we have no quarrel with those colleges that discipline the mind and train the spirit, but we claim there's an equal dignity in the kind of an education we propose--an education which also prepares a man to earn a living and to serve his fellowmen by intelligent cultivation of the soil! (APPLAUSE)

BAND: Fight song (Up 8 measures and fade)

B. TURNIPS

(KNOCKING ON THIN DOOR)

WILLIAMS: (Calling) Come in! (DOOR OPENS) (Pause) Good morning, Oscar!

OSCAR: Good morning, President Williams.

WILLIAMS: Did you get the turnip seed sown?

OSCAR: That's what I came to see you about. I'm sorry I have to bother you so much, but not being raised on a farm, there're a lot of things I don't know.

WILLIAMS: Well, what is it this time?

OSCAR: I don't know how thick to plant this turnip seed.

WILLIAMS: Oh,---Uh---Well, to tell the truth, I don't know much about turnips myself.

OSCAR: Shall I---just sprinkle the seed around?

WILLIAMS: Yes, I suppose so.

OSCAR: All right. Thanks, President Williams.

WILLIAMS: You're welcome. (DOOR CLOSING, WAGON AND HORSES FADE IN) Music "Wagon Wheels".

PALMER: Whoa---Ho! (WAGON AND HORSES STOP) (Calling) Hey, boy!

OSCAR: (Distance) Yeah!

PALMER: What's that you got planted there?

OSCAR: Turnips!

PALMER: (Loud laugh)

OSCAR: Why, what's the matter?

PALMER: (Laugh) You got a good stand, didn't you?

OSCAR: Yes.

PALMER: If it was wheat, I'd say it was a fine stand! Giddap! Giddap!  
(HORSES AND WAGON START) (Laughs) (Pause for cue from director)  
Whoa! Ho!

PETE: (Distance) Whoa!

PALMER: Hi, Pete!

PETE: Hi!

PALMER: Say, when you git down the road by the college I want you to give a look at that patch of turnips they're tryin' to raise.

PETE: Say, I was alookin' at 'em when I come in, an' I thought they looked like turnips. But, man alive, why'd they plant 'em so thick?

PALMER: Maybe they're agoin' to transplant 'em? (They laugh)

PETE: Well, if they do transplant 'em, I'll say they got enough for the whole state of Michigan. (They laugh)

PALMER: Why, them turnips'll start pushin each other outa the ground before they're an inch and a half across.

PETE: They'll never be turnips. They'll be parsnips! (They laugh)

PALMER: I guess college professors an' farmin' don't mix.

PETE: Nope, the state legislature is sure wastin' a lotta money puttin' up that buildin' right in the middle of the timber.

PALMER: They oughta turn it into an insane asylum, or somethin'.

PETE: Maybe that's what it is! (They laugh) Giddap--giddap. (HORSES AND WAGON)

ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College is thrown for a loss!

BAND: Fight Song (Swell and fade)

#### C. 1880 APPLE SPRAYING

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, eight, eight, oh!

ANNOUNCER: Eighteen eighty! It's A. J. Cook's turn to carry the ball.

CHAIRMAN: If there's no other business to come before the board, I declare the Michigan State Board of Agriculture adjourned. (GAVEL)

ABBOT: Mr. Chairman!

CHAIRMAN: President Abbot.

ABBOT: I think all of you know Professor Cook, our professor of zoology. Last spring he began some experiments with fruit trees, and I promised him that when the apples were ripe I'd ask the board to pay a visit to the orchard. I know he'd appreciate it a great deal. He's out there now.

CHAIRMAN: I'm sure we'll be glad to walk over there, won't we, gentlemen?  
(A chorus of approval)

BUTLER: That is, if the apples are ripe. (Laughter) (Voices in background)  
(DOOR, STEPS ON BOARDS)

ARNOLD (Confidentially): President Abbot, I presume you know what Professor Cook has to show us?

ABBOT: Yes, it's about spraying apple trees.

ARNOLD: I've been hearing about it. I think the college ought to be pretty careful about that.

ABBOT: Why?

ARNOLD: You know what he's been putting on those apple trees?

ABBOT: Now, let me see---I did---

ARNOLD: It's a deadly poison. Paris green!

ABBOT: Oh, yes, that's it.

ARNOLD: Suppose a half dozen students were killed with that poison! Why, it'd ruin the college.

ABBOT: Oh, Professor Cook's very considerate. I don't think he'd put on more than enough to give them just a little stomach ache.

ARNOLD: But Paris green! I don't want any of that on my apples.

ABBOT: Well, anyway, I think you'll be interested in the experiment. (Louder)  
Good afternoon, Professor Cook!

COOK: How do you do, President Abbot.

ABBOT: Well, we're here, and I'm sure we're all interested in your experiment.

COOK: Thank you President Abbot. And, gentlemen, I appreciate your coming. But I want to warn you against eating any of these apples.

BUTLER: (Laughing) I thought you were going to give us a treat. I always like Fall Pippins.

COOK: You may eat them after while; but first I want to tell you why the tree has so much fine fruit. For a long time we've been trying to find a way of keeping worms out of apples. Last spring after the tree blossomed, and several times later this tree was sprayed with Paris green, which kills the young worms before they have a chance to get into the apple. You can see for yourselves how perfect the fruit is.

ARNOLD: But what's the use of having the apples if they're not safe for eating?

COOK: I believe they are safe for eating.

ARNOLD: Looks dangerous to me.

COOK: As a matter of fact, this particular branch of the tree was sprayed three times as often as necessary and with a solution three times as powerful as needed. I've been eating apples from this branch every day for a week, and I'm not a corpse yet, and as a further demonstration I'll eat another. (RUSTLE OF BRANCHES AND PICKING OF APPLES)

ARNOLD: You can't play with Paris green without getting into trouble.

BUTLER: I believe you can! Professor Cook, I'm going to eat one, too. (Laughter).

ANNOUNCER: A. J. Cook makes an end run and scores a touchdown for Michigan State College. (GUN) There goes the gun. The first quarter's over and Michigan State College gave the world a scientific contribution in developing the first insecticide to be used in spraying fruit trees, and gave life to the nation's entire fruit industry! Now the college band, under the direction of Leonard Falcone, plays the Coronation March from the opera, "The Prophet", from Meyerbeer.

BAND: "Coronation March".

#### D. ROSEN RYE

ANNOUNCER: Now, back to the football game!

QUARTERBACK: One, nine, oh, eight!

ANNOUNCER: Joseph A. Rosen carries the ball!

ROSEN: (Calling, dialect) Professor Spragg!

SPRAGG: (Distance, Calling) Yes!

ROSEN: (Closer) What is de matter wid dis rye?

SPRAGG: Why, I--I don't know.

ROSEN: Look at dis head. It's not more dan half filled out.

SPRAGG: Well, you see, Rosen, that's the way rye grows.

ROSEN: You mean only half filled out?



SPRAGG: Yes.

ROSEN: Vy, how many bushels to de acre do you get in America?

SPRAGG: Oh, twelve to fifteen.

ROSEN: I tink in Russia my fader get twenty or even thirty bushels an acre.

SPRAGG: He does?

ROSEN: And de heads---dey are all filled out.

SPRAGG: Say, why don't you get a sample of that and we'll compare it with ours.

ROSEN: Get some of my fader's seed from Riga? From Russia?

SPRAGG: Yes.

ROSEN: Sure, I do that!

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, one, oh!

SPRAGG: Let's see the heads you've selected, Rosen.

ROSEN: These are all from strong stalks, too.

SPRAGG: Um--hm--and they're certainly well filled out. Rosen, when we get this developed in this country, it's going to be a big surprise!.

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, one, two!

JACKSON: Say, Professor Spragg, I want to tell you what that patch of rye did. The one acre made twenty four bushels.

SPRAGG: Yes, sir, that's the kind of a yield other tests have given us.

JACKSON: What kind is it? What do you call it?

SPRAGG: (Chuckling) Well, we call it Rosen Rye---after the Russian boy that got us the original seed. From that seed we developed this new strain.

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, one, seven!

JOHNSON: Well, Inspector, this Rosen Rye is sure the makin' of me. Why, I can sell this seed for five dollars a bushel.

INSPECTOR: I'm sorry, but the Crop Improvement Association can't certify your seed this year.

JOHNSON: Can't certify it! Why, Inspector, what's the matter?

INSPECTOR: How many bushels to the acre did your rye make last year?

JOHNSON: Sixteen.

INSPECTOR: I thought so. You see real Rosen Rye as it's been developed and purified by the college, has heads completely filled out, an' it oughta make at least twenty bushels.

JOHNSON: But this is real Rosen Rye. I've been growin' it for five years. It was my own seed.

INSPECTOR: The trouble is it's been mixing with other fields of rye. In fact, that's a field of common rye right across the fence. The pollen from that field blows over here and mixes with what you thought was pure Rosen Rye.

JOHNSON: Why, can't anything be done about it?

INSPECTOR: The college is taking care of it. Ever hear of South Manitou Island?

JOHNSON: Nope.

INSPECTOR: Well, it's a little island in the upper part of Lake Michigan--only a few families on it; and last year, Professor Cox, head of the Farm Crops Department(---OOO FADE OOO---) went up there to see a man by the name of Hutzler. (DOG BARKS)

COX: Hi, there, Shep,---or whatever your name is. (DOG BARKS) (Calling)  
Good morning!

HUTZLER: 'Morning.

COX: Your name Hutzler?

HUTZLER: Yeah.

COX: My name is Cox---from Michigan State College.

HUTZLER: From where?

COX: From Michigan State College---down at East Lansing.

HUTZLER: Oh, that's down by the capital!

COX: Yes. I came up here to talk with you about your crops.

HUTZLER: We don't raise much. Never been much prosperity on this island since the lake steamers began burning coal. When they burnt wood we sold 'em a lot of it.

COX: You know, I'd like to have you try some special rye, I brought with me.

HUTZLER: What fer?

COX: Why, Doctor Spragg's been developing a new strain that doubles the yield of any rye we ever had. But the trouble is the pollen from other rye mixes with this new Rosen Rye, and we can't keep it pure. Now, I was wondering if you'd grow it out here in the middle of the lake where it can't mix with any other rye.

QUARTERBACK: Signals, one, nine, two, three!

ANNOUNCER: Nineteen-twenty-three!

JUDGE: First prize and world's championship in rye goes to George Hutzler, of Manitou Island, Michigan.

QUARTERBACK: Signals, one, nine, two, four!

ANNOUNCER: Nineteen-twenty-four!

JUDGE: First prize and world's championship in rye goes to George Hutzler, of Manitou Island, Michigan.

QUARTERBACK: Signals, one, nine, three, three!

ANNOUNCER: Nineteen-thirty-three!

GEORGE JR. Well, dad, it's about time we started gettin' our seed ready for the International.

HUTZLER: Nope.

GEORGE JR. Why, ain't you gonna enter agin?

HUTZLER: Nope.

GEORGE JR: Why not?

HUTZLER: I'm tired of takin' first place so much of the time.

ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College opens the field of plant breeding, and scores with Rosen Rye!

BAND: Fight Song (Swells and Fades)

E. COLLEGE GRADUATE LASSOES A BUG  
(UNDULANT FEVER)

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, one, six!

COLLEGE ANNOUNCER: Nineteen sixteen! And Huddleson carries the ball!

SECRETARY: Professor Giltner, do you have time to see a student?



GILTNER: Yes, of course.

SECRETARY: (Pause) Go right in.

HUDDLESON: Thanks.

GILTNER: (Pause) Oh, hello, Huddleson. Come in. (Pause and then not so loud) How can I help you?

HUDDLESON: I wondered if you had time to talk with me about a subject for research.

GELTNER: Surely! What've you been thinking about?

HUDDLESON: I really don't have anything that sounds very good to me. I'd like to get something that'd---well, something significant.

GILTNER: Here's a thing. There's a lot of abortion among the cows around here.

HUDDLESON: Oh!

GELTNER: It's costing American farmers about thirty million dollars a year. But the startling thing is the recent discovery by the United States Department of Agriculture that it seems to be the same germ that causes undulant fever in southern Europe.

HUDDLESON: Undulant fever. I hadn't heard much about it.

GILTNER: Well, it's one of the worst diseases in the Mediterranean---sometimes called Malta fever. Take Malta, for instance, in that one little island hundreds of people die with that disease every year, and doctors don't seem to be able to do anything about it.

HUDDLESON: How does it affect people?

GILTNER: In different ways. Usually they have fever and violent sweating---achy joints---and, of course, the fever varies from time to time---gets worse and better. That's why it's called undulant fever.

HUDDLESON: And it's really dangerous?

GILTNER: Yes, it is. In fact, it's sometimes fatal, and often runs a long and painful course. The alarming thing for us is that we're finding that very germ right here among our own cattle.

HUDDLESON: I should think people'd get the disease from milk.

GILTNER: Precisely! My hunch is that thousands of people in this country are suffering from this disease, but under the name of flue, or diphtheria or malaria. How'd you like to go after that problem?

HUDDLESON: I'd like it. That's a problem a fellow could give his life to!

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, two, two!

FRENCHMAN: (In dialect) Send dis cablegram to I.F. Huddleson, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan. As a brother scientist I congratulate you on finding a way of vaccinating cattle against Brucellosis. Your discovery will make it possible for us to control this disease in France. You have performed a service to agriculture all over the world.

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, two, nine!

STUDENT: But, Professor, how can you tell us so much about germs that can't even be seen?

PROFESSOR: It's always because of years and years of painstaking research by some scientist. Take the work of Huddleson. We used to think it was just one germ that caused abortion in cattle, hogs and other animals, and brought about undulant fever in man. But now Huddleson's found out there are three germs---one that gets along best in cattle, one that prefers to live in goats, and a third that thrives in hogs. And all three of them will attack man.

STUDENT: He knows that, and yet he never saw the germ?

PROFESSOR: Exactly!

STUDENT: Well, how in the world did he find it out?

PROFESSOR: That's a long story. He's been giving all of his time to this research for thirteen years, and says he's just beginning. He wants to find a cure for the disease in man.

STUDENT: But about these germs.

PROFESSOR: Well, he got diseased tissues from different kinds of animals, and let the germs multiply. He couldn't see them, but he knew there must be millions and millions of them in each sample. Then he proceeded to do different things with the different samples. He put dyes in them to see how the germs from different infected animals affected the colors of the dyes. And he found that the Brucella germ from a cow affected various dyes differently than did the Brucella germ from goats.

STUDENT: Pretty clever!

PROFESSOR: Then he gave the disease from infected tissues of goats and cows to other animals---rats, guinea pigs, monkeys; and he found that animals reacted differently to different types of germs. Another thing he did was to make a chemical test of the germs themselves.

STUDENT: How could he analyze germs if they're so small?

PROFESSOR: He put the germs in certain food, and let them multiply till there were billions of them. Then he made a chemical analysis---

STUDENT: And that was the way he found out there were three species?

PROFESSOR: Yes, from thousands of experiments he finally knows something about them and their life habits. But, the question now is how can we diagnose the disease? How can we tell easily whether or not a herd of cattle is infected?

QUARTERBACK: Signals!. One, nine, three, two!

DAIRYMAN: But, Doc, that's a twelve hundred dollar cow!

DOCTOR: Too bad, Frank, but the infection's here. This test of Huddleson's proves it. You'll be lucky if your other cows don't have it.

DAIRYMAN: Can you test the others?

DOCTOR: Absolutely. Here, hold this glass slide a minute.

DAIRYMAN: All right.

DOCTOR: Hold it flat, so that drop of liquid won't roll off, while I get a drop of blood from this other cow. We'll test her, too.

DAIRYMAN: All right. (Pause) What's the drop of liquid?

DOCTOR: It's a preparation I got from the Michigan State College laboratories. Now, hold it still while I put this drop of blood from the cow on it. (Pause) There! See, this cow doesn't have it.

DAIRYMAN: How do you know that?

DOCTOR: You see, the two drops mixed smoothly, but when I tested the diseased cow, as soon as the two drops mixed, they became clumpy with little granules.

DAIRYMAN: Oh!

DOCTOR: So, the thing for you to do is to get rid of that infected cow right away and disinfect your barn.

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, three, three.

PHYSICIAN: No, Mr. Patterson, this fever of yours is neither diphtheria nor malaris. It's undulant fever.

PATTERSON: Undulant fever! Doctor! That's what my brother-in-law had year before last! What did you tell me for?

PHYSICIAN: I believe in being honest with my patients.

PATTERSON: But---but I saw him suffer--lose his mind---and finally---well, there wasn't anything that medical science could do for him. Please don't tell my wife.

PHYSICIAN: But, Mr. Patterson, your case isn't very far along, and now we have a cure for it.

PATTERSON: A cure!

PHYSICIAN: Yes, a scientist by the name of Huddleson has recently discovered a culture filtrate that we can inject into your arm, and you'll probably come along in fine shape.

PATTERSON: Is that a fact, Doctor? Is that a fact?

PHYSICIAN: It certainly is, and don't you worry about it!

ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College scores again! And as it scores so also does it score in the concert halls. Here's the men's glee club, under the direction of Fred Patton, with Bach's "Now Let Every Tongue Adore These"; followed by Martin's, "Come to the Fair".

BAND: Fight Song (Fades at 12:59:50 for station break)

#### F. ALFALFA

NBC ANNOUNCER (1:00:10) (Fight Song in background) The National Farm and Home Hour continues from the campus of Michigan State College, at East Lansing. Today it's science that's playing the game! (Fight Song up with flourish and out)

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, one, nine! (Men talking ad lib)

ANNOUNCER: And we're back to Nineteen-nineteen.

JOE: Hi, Oly!

OLY: (Distance) Hi! (Men ad lib greetings to Oly)

JOE: Oly, I want you to meet Professor Reed from Michigan State College. (They ad lib greetings) Well, Oly, looks like these other fellas already got about all the seats.

OLY: Oh, that's all right. I'll just sit down here.

JOE: Shove that bale o'hay over in front of the manager, an' make yourself comfortable.

OLY: I gotta be goin' back in a little while.



JOE: Yeah, I know, we all have to be gitin' out in the field. I expect this is about all the men that are goin' to come. Suppose you go ahead, Professor.

PROFESSOR REED: All right. Well, men, we're holding meetings all over the state to talk about the hay crop. The way clover's been dying out this year has been---well, we're pretty concerned about it.

HARPER: Maybe you think we're not! I'm not agoin' to have a leaf of clover. Nothing but timothy.

GARDNER: And I sure hate to feed timothy--no good for cows at all.

PROFESSOR: And that's why I'm here. It looks like we oughta to bring in another hay crop, and we've found out that alfalfa has a lot to be said in its favor.

HARPER: I never had any alfalfa, but---what's that fella's name over on the Hampton farm?

GARDNER: Porter?

HARPER: Yeah. Well, he had a patch and it didn't do any thing.

JOE: I tried it three or four years ago and June grass took it.

PROFESSOR: Maybe you didn't have the right kind of seed. You see, the seed that's good for Kansas might not be very good for Michigan.

JOE: Where can you get good seed?

PROFESSOR: We've been testing a strain adapted to this climate. But we don't want you to plant a lot of it. If each one of you'd just plant a couple or three acres and try it out, that's all we suggest.

JOE: You really think it's better?

PROFESSOR: Well, we've had one piece in for four years now, and we're getting three good cuttings a year. And you know what good feed alfalfa is?

JOE: Tell you what I'll do, Professor Reed, I'll put in another patch this year---my clover's gone anyway.

PROFESSOR: Fine! Last year, Michigan had only about seventy-four thousand acres in alfalfa and we want to boost that by a good deal. It'll mean money in your pockets.

OLY: Well, I'll grow a little.

PROFESSOR: Good! (Others ad lib agreement)

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, two, four!

BOLTON: Are you the same Professor that was over at McIntyre's farm last year?

PROFESSOR: (Laughing) Yes, I talk alfalfa all the time.

BOLTON: They're growing more of it now, aren't they?

PROFESSOR: Yes, sir. Two years ago we had only seventy four thousand acres in the state. Now we have three hundred twenty one thousand acres.

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, three, seven!

ANNOUNCER: Michigan has one million, one hundred and fifteen thousand acres in alfalfa, and in these eighteen years the farm income of the state has been increased by a hundred million dollars!

BAND: Fight Song (Swell and fade)

#### G. AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE TAKES WINGS

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, two, two!

ANNOUNCER: It's up to WKAR to carry the ball, and listening to this amazing story which is based strictly on fact, you'll see how agricultural science has used the wings of radio.

(FADE IN RADIO SPEECH WITH DIALOGUE)

FATHER: Turn that radio down! (DOOR)

HOMER: Dad, what're you gonna do?

FATHER: Call the Doctor. Ethel, what's that vetenary's number?

ETHEL: Two, three, seven, I think. (RINGING OF TELEPHONE BY HAND)

HOMER: Did another one die?

ETHEL: Homer, yes, it did.

FATHER: Give me two, three, seven. (Different tone) Oughta 'ave known it was dangerous to leave them calves in the clover all morning.

HOMER: How many are dead now, mother?

ETHEL: Three.

FATHER: Hello, is Doc, there? . . . Where is he? . . . Naw, where is he now? Oh, he's not! . . . Say, what's that vetenary's name over at Emmetsville? Oh, yeah. . . All right, goodbye.

ETHEL: Isn't he there?

FATHER: No, turn that radio down. I gotta call over at Emmetsville.

HOMER: Dad, the man from WKAR was talkin' about turning calves into alfalfa and clover.

FATHER: He was?

HOMER: Yes.

FATHER: Well, turn it off. I have to git the doctor.

ETHEL: Let's see what it was. I'll listen to it. You go ahead and phone.

FATHER: All right. (Occasionally ad libs in background) (RADIO VOICE COMES UP) (TELEPHONE BELL IN DISTANCE)

RADIO VOICE: The reason animals die from bloating is that their digestive organs are not used to the green food. A gas is formed in their paunches---the first of the four stomachs where the food is kept to be brought back up to chew. The gas presses so hard against the internal organs that the heart is kept from beating. The best way to deal with this is to avoid it. Don't let animals overeat for any reason, such as for lack of salt or water.

ETHEL: Listen, Howard.

RADIO VOICE: But in case they do overeat, it's possible to meet the situation. The first thing to do is to put a broom handle through their mouths and pull their heads back. In their chewing on the stick and struggling the gas is likely to escape from their stomachs. If this doesn't work, it's possible to perform an operation. Take a sharp knife and disinfect it in a fire. Then draw a line between the hip bone and the end of the last rib; and midway on this line plunge the knife in about two inches. Undoubtedly the gas will immediately pour out, and the wound will heal in a few days.

FATHER: What did he say? Half way on the---(Radio continues in background)

ETHEL: Line between the hip and the end of the last rib.

HOMER: Dad, can you do it?

FATHER: Of course I can! (Leaving mike) Ethel get that knife ready! I'll see what I can do with the broomstick.

ANNOUNCER: Radio station WKAR scores for Michigan State College!

BAND: Fight Song. (Swell and fade)

H. THERE'S MUSIC IN MICHIGAN

ANNOUNCER: (Following WKAR Sketch) And here we turn to the field of music. Ten years ago there was practically no organized instruction in music throughout the rural schools. The National Recreation Association showed the way by offering counties skilled leadership. In Michigan the first of these was in Eaton County. Rural teachers were brought (FADE IN TEACHERS SINGING) to convenient centers for instruction. (WOMEN FINISH SINGING) (Voices ad lib in background)

MISS EMERY: Oh, when my children get to singing that they'll think it's the most fun!

MISS HARDY: I never knew where to get such cute songs.

KACKLEY: Now, before we start learning the songs, do you have any questions?

FLANDERS: I don't want you to think that I won't cooperate, but really,---I--- I just simply can't carry a tune. I've tried, and I can't. I know my children'd laugh at me. (WOMEN LAUGH)

KACKLEY: Well, don't worry. Maybe you can learn.

FLANDERS: Oh, I've tried, and my mother tried to teach me.

KACKLEY: Can any one suggest a way out for Miss Flanders? (Silence) How about this? Do you have any larger boys and girls who like music? They'd be as proud as could be if you gave them a chance to act as leaders.

FLANDERS: No, I'm sure none of my children could do it.

KACKLEY: Then perhaps there's some mother who'd be glad to come in two or three times a week.

FLANDERS: Oh, Mrs. Emmet would, I know!

KACKLEY: The problem is solved! (WOMEN LAUGH) Now we'll go on to learning---

FOSTER: But in my school we don't have anything to play. The organ's just simply impossible.

KACKLEY: As a matter of fact, to begin with all you need is a pitch pipe. But I'll venture if you start this work it won't be long before the parents will see that the school board puts in an instrument for you--- not only that, but a phonograph and a radio. All right, are your books open to page forty-three? Now watch my hand, and begin on the down beat.

BOND: Won't you tell us how to beat time?



KACKLEY: Yes, indeed! But for the present, suppose you watch me, and remember tomorrow you'll be teaching this to your pupils.

(WOMEN START SINGING AND IT BLENDS INTO CHILDREN'S SINGING)

ANNOUNCER: (over children's singing) Today seventy-five thousand children in rural schools are receiving regular training in music through the guidance and facilities of Michigan State College. Each year in different sections of the state, boys and girls from rural schools gather for huge festivals of singing, folk dances, and instrumental music. Thus we see a realization of that prophecy of Walt Whitman; "I Hear America Singing!"

(FULL UP WITH SINGING)

ANNOUNCER: The State College Band plays ballet music from Charles Gounod's opera, "Faust".

BAND: Ballet Music from Faust.

# I. NEW TIMES AND NEW PROFESSIONS

ANNOUNCER: Now we'll turn the microphone over to Bob Ritter, a student at Michigan State, who's going to tell you how this college tries to meet the changing needs of the twentieth century. Come in, Bob.

RITTER: Thanks, Bill! Ladies and Gentlemen, I've asked two or three students enrolled in unusual courses to come to the microphone. Let's see--- suppose you step up here first, Tom.

TOM: All right.

RITTER: Now you're taking---

TOM: Hotel Administration.

RITTER: Oh, yes! Hotel Administration (Laughing) Learning how to make beds and so forth.

TOM: Now, Bob!

RITTER: Well, what do you study, anyway?

TOM: You really want to know?

RITTER: Sure.

TOM: For one thing we study buying problems---linen, dishes, carpet, food, soap, uniforms, paper, wall decorations, pens---

RITTER: All right, all right, we'll admit the buying problems.

TOM: And we have to know what kind of things people like.

RITTER: For instance?

TOM: Oh, perfumes in soap and what kind of pictures people like---you see, you don't furnish a hotel to satisfy your own taste; you have to find out what others like. In fact, you need to analyze the kind of people you expect to have in your hotel---whether rich widows or business men.

RITTER: That's enough!

TOM: But I haven't started. How about hotel architecture, catering to parties, engineering problems---from dishwashing machines to elevators---hotel bookkeeping, training such employees as bell-boys and head waiters.

RITTER: I see.

TOM: So, after this I want you to have a little more respect for the boys in Hotel Ad. A big hotel does a million dollar business a year.

RITTER: There aren't many colleges teach Hotel Administration, are there?

TOM: Only, two---Cornell University and Michigan State College.

RITTER: Both Land Grant institutions! Well, that shows how the Land Grant colleges are serving the changing needs of twentieth century civilization. Now, Lloyd, come up here. This is Lloyd Davis, and you're taking--Public Administration, isn't it?

LLOYD: Yes, I'm going to take it. You see it just started this year.

RITTER: I know. Just what's it going to be.

LLOYD: Well, you see since Michigan State's a Land Grant Institution, our Public Administration emphasizes rural and state administration.

RITTER: Oh, I see. But what in the world---what'll you study?

LLOYD: Well, don't you think counties ought to have well-trained officials?

RITTER: Yes.

LLOYD: This course offers training for public service. Back in the days of Grover Cleveland they thought that all a good public official needed was honesty--and that is fundamental. But now we're convinced that he also needs intelligence and knowledge of his job.

RITTER: Sounds like sense to me.

LLOYD: So this public administration course will help the graduates of Michigan State College, if they're elected to office, to carry on the work of the office with some skill. And after all, we college fellows ought to take more interest in politics.

RITTER: You're going into politics?

LLOYD: No, I'm interested in this course on a career basis.

RITTER: Career basis? What do you mean by that?

LLOYD: Well, when we speak of a career in public service we mean that after we get our college training we'll apply for a civil service position. For instance, we might prepare to take charge of old age assistance, or we might take accounting and specialize on the business end of government.

RITTER: In other words, we have entirely different public needs than we had in the time of Grover Cleveland.

LLOYD: Absolutely!

RITTER: And apparently that's just one other way the Land Grant institutions are trying to serve the public, and meet the changing needs of the twentieth century. This is all we have time for now, and I'll turn the microphone back to---

SANDY: Excuse me.

RITTER: Oh, I beg your pardon.

SANDY: Didn't you forget one course?

RITTER: No, what?

SANDY: I wanta hear about radio announcing. Don't you have a course in radio announcing?

RITTER: Yes, that's the course I'm interested in.

SANDY: That's what I wanta know about.

RITTER: With a voice like yours!

SANDY: Yeah, you noticed it, too?

RITTER: I should say I did.

SANDY: Yeah, the folks up at Beebe wanted me to come down here to learn to be a radio announcer. They say I got sumpin' in my voice.

RITTER: I agree! But the thing for you to do is to see Dr. Van Dusen in the speech clinic. Radio announcing is no profession for you.

SANDY: Well, don't they teach you to be an announcer?

RITTER: Yes, but---

SANDY: I'm awillin' to learn.

RITTER: You are?

SANDY: Oh, yeah!

RITTER: Well, then you just sit down there and watch Bill Gladden while he announces the greatest football game of the century---

ANNOUNCER: The teams are lining up again, and---(WHISTLE)

#### J. HOME DEMONSTRATION

ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College makes a drive toward the goal of finer living!

ELLA: Whoo-hoo, Mother! Where are you?

MOTHER: (Distance) In the kitchen.

ELLA: Come on, Miss Grover. (Pause) Mother, this is Miss Grover. She's a Home Management Specialist from Michigan State College. (They ad lib greetings)

MOTHER: My goodness, Ella, you hadn't oughta bring company into the kitchen before the breakfast dishes are done up.

GROVER: Oh, that's all right.

ELLA: I have a surprise for you, Mother.

MOTHER: Now, what is it this time?

ELLA: I brought Miss Grover out to talk with you about remodeling the kitchen.

MOTHER: Remodeling the kitchen?

ELLA: Yes.

MOTHER: What do you mean by remodeling it?

ELLA: Well, mother, just because you and father won't leave the home place is no sign that you can't have a modern kitchen.

MOTHER: But, this is all right--especially since you had the electric lights put in for us.

ELLA: Oh, I've just begun. Miss Grover, what do you think we oughta do to make this a really modern kitchen?

GROVER: Well, I think it has lots of possibilities. Just off hand, I'd say--- put the sink here!

MOTHER: A sink? But we don't have a water system!

ELLA: Don't worry, mother, I've already found out how much that costs.

GROVER: In this corner you could have a big built in cupboard, with a work table. Then you'd have your work table right close to your cupboard, and you wouldn't have to take so many steps.

MOTHER: Oh, I'm not old enough to worry about a few steps.

GROVER: But you don't have any idea how much energy goes into walking around a kitchen. At the Home Economics Department, we use an instrument that shows how much walking a person does, and we found out that some women, literally walk miles every day in their own kitchens.

ELLA: There, Mother!

GROVER: We've run tests to find out just how many steps a housewife takes in baking a cake in one kitchen, and then how many she takes to bake the same cake in another kitchen.

ELLA: See, Mother. Now go ahead, Miss Grover.

GROVER: You know what I think 'ud be the biggest improvement this kitchen could have?

ELLA: What?

GROVER: I think you oughta get more light. Why not cut a window right about here?

MOTHER: But, you couldn't have a window behind that big kitchen range.

GROVER: But I thought--weren't you going to get an electric stove?

MOTHER: Why, Ella---!

ELLA: Yes, mother, I've already looked at one.

MOTHER: But the electricity!

ELLA: Mother, the amount of cooking you and Dad do wouldn't amount to much.

MOTHER: But, running water, and a drain, and--and--

ELLA: (Laughing) A refrigerator.



MOTHER: Refrigerator!

ELLA: Yes, Mother.

MOTHER: Why, how much would it all cost?

ELLA: Miss Grover, what'd you guess?

GROVER: Very roughly---about--well, let's say, five hundred dollars.

MOTHER: My goodness!

ELLA: Now look here, mother that's less than what a tractor costs--and a good kitchen's ever so much more important than a tractor.

MOTHER: But electric stove and refrigerator and everything!

ELLA: Mother, if anybody in all the world deserves a nice kitchen, it's you. Just because you want to live in your old home is no sign that you oughta be without modern conveniences, is it, Miss Grover?

GROVER: Indeed not! The Home Economics Departments of all our Land Grant colleges are based on the belief that people everywhere, in country, as well as in town, have a right to live in attractive homes and enjoy healthful food.

ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College scores again!

BAND: Fight Song (Swell and fade)

#### K. FARMERS WEEK

QUARTERBACK: Signals! One, nine, three, eight! Shift!

ANNOUNCER: It's Farmer's Week at Michigan State College! From every corner of the state caravans of automobiles pour onto the campus. (CROWD NOISE) Forty-five thousand people throng these beautiful buildings, eager to hear and see the latest discoveries of agricultural science, engineering and home economics. (CROWD UP)

KARL: Hello, Charley, how are you?

CHARLEY: O. K. Bring any of your prize potatoes down this year?

KARL: Absolutely. Come over and see 'em.

CHARLEY: I'll be over tomorrow. I wanta hear Dr. Morgan from the TVA talk now.

KARL: See you tomorrow, then.

CHARLEY: Fine! Goodbye.

KARL: Goodbye.

(CROWD)

JOHN: Hello, Mary! What in the world are you down here for?

MARY: Say, I'm in the one-act play contest!

JOHN: No kiddin'!

MARY: Absolutely not, and believe me our Grange is going back with the cup!

(CROWD)

PETE: Had dinner yet?

FRANK: Nope. I tried to get in at three restaurants, but I couldn't get waited on.

PETE: Come on, let's try some place else.

FRANK: Nope, I'll go after this next meeting.

PETE: Which one?

FRANK: I wanta see that sheep shearing demonstration. The last time I tried to shear a sheep it looked like a barber pole.

(CROWD)

MRS. PETERS: Where's the Demonstration Hall?

MR. PETERS: Across the river. See through the trees?

MRS. PETERS: Well, do we have to go this early?

MR. PETERS: I should say so. Last year, I went at six o'clock and couldn't get a seat.

(CROWD UP AND CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND)

MCDONALD: Excuse me, I'd like to get through.

PACKER: Who wouldn't?

MOULTON: No seats inside anyway.

MCDONALD: Officer!

POLICEMAN: Yes.

MCDONALD: I'm from out of the state---a guest of Director Tenney.

POLICEMAN: I see.

MCDONALD: I'm supposed to be on the platform.

POLICEMAN: Say, I don't know what I can do for you. There are twelve thousand people packed into this building.

MCDONALD: I've heard about Farmer's Week at Michigan State College, but I never expected anything like this.

POLICEMAN: They've been packed in here since five o'clock this afternoon.  
(Sudden thought) Here, I tell you! You get on this exhibit wagon.  
It's going into the ring.

MCDONALD: All right.

POLICEMAN: Here, will you help this man up? He's a friend of Mr. Tenney's.

LESTER: All right. Give me your hand.

POLICEMAN: Step on the hub.

MCDONALD: All right. (Pause) Thanks, Officer!

POLICEMAN: That's O.K. (WAGON, CROWD)  
LESTER GIDDAN, (etc.)

MCDONALD: What's that in the arena now---all those trees on a wagon?

LESTER: Why, it's a forestry demonstration---shows how to measure the number of board feet in standing timber.

MCDONALD: Say, this is like a circus. (Pause)

LESTER: There's Director Tenney. You can step on that railing and jump over on the platform.

MCDONALD: Thanks!

TENNEY: Hello, McDonald! How are you?

MCDONALD: Fine! Well, Tenney, how in the world do you get crowds like this?

TENNEY: Nobody knows. Every year we try to put on a bigger show, and every year the crowd gets bigger.

MCDONALD: It's a mixture between a stampede and a football game.

TENNEY: Recognize that man?

MCDONALD: Oh, that's President Shaw, isn't it?



TENNEY: The chairman's going to introduce him next, I think.

MCDONALD: Well, I'd think he'd get a thrill out of this.

TENNEY: The crowd, you mean?

MCDONALD: Well, ---to think the college is so important to Michigan that forty-five thousand people come here from all over the state.

TENNEY: Yes, it's a fine thing.

MCDONALD: You know, I can remember when most of the farmers in our state used to make fun of the agricultural college.

TENNEY: Yes, they used to tell the story about this college not even knowing how to sow turnips. They sowed 'em so thick that----

CHAIRMAN: Ladies and Gentlemen! (CROWD QUIETS)

MCDONALD: There! He's introducing President Shaw.

CHAIRMAN: It is now my great pleasure and privilege to introduce President R. Shaw. (APPLAUSE)

SHAW: Ladies and Gentlemen! In every state in the union is a Land Grant institution. Michigan State College may have been established first, but every one of them is a pioneer---enriching the world by new discoveries, and trying to lead its own people into finer living. This institution, like every other Land Grant College, invites the public to make use of it. It's not hard for a college of agriculture to make discoveries. The more difficult thing is to carry our findings to the people who can use them. And here let me add one thing. People often assume that Land Grant Colleges exist chiefly for the farmer. But all of our home economics applies to town and city as well. The division of engineering serves the city even more than the farm. The departments of journalism, forestry, chemistry, and many others show that the Land Grant Colleges stand more for an ideal of education than for any section of the population. The education they stand for is the education that's close to reality. They began by believing that a farmer has as much right to an education as the preacher or the lawyer. This they have expanded to engineering and other professions. They have likewise grown to believe that in developing capable housewives and good mothers they are fulfilling the finest purposes of education and of human life itself. Lastly, if we are truly realistic, we must conclude that life is made up of more than earning one's livelihood. And, therefore, Land Grant Colleges are trying to keep abreast the changing needs of civilization by developing their Divisions of Liberal Arts, in which foreign languages, history, economics, philosophy and the other liberalizing arts are taught.

It's our hope that this institution will continue to serve the tens of thousands who come to us year after year; and like every other

publicly supported Land Grant College, we are eager for the day when every home in the state will share richly in the benefits we have to give. (APPLAUSE)

BAND: Alma Mater.

NBC ANNOUNCER: Michigan State College, oldest agricultural college in the nation now returns to classroom and laboratory--experimenting and teaching and learning. In charge of today's broadcast was R. J. Coleman, director of the college radio station, WKAR. The script was written and production directed by Dr. Donald Hayworth, Professor of Radio Speaking. All parts, excepting those of Dean Giltner, Director Tenney and President Shaw, were taken by Campus Radio Players and members of the faculty, with William Gladden, a student at Michigan State College, acting as announcer. Thus another National Farm and Home Hour, a Blue Network presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, is brought to a close.

BAND: Alma Mater up to close.